

For his eyes only by CockAsInTheBird

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Summary:

To be gorgeous and dazzling to look at always came naturally to Steve, and his instagram followers agree, but it still astonishes Billy every single day that this beautiful doe eyed princess chose him to love so dearly, so privately

For his eyes only

Author's Note:

- For [trashycatacade](#).

Only god knows how long ago I started this fic, and never finished it, only to just today finally get around to it

I worry that you'll be able to notice exactly where I went on hiatus, but that's over now- slowly, at least, so hi again!

A gift to my favourite gem of a person, Opal on tumblr, trashycatacade on ao3!

His oversized shirt a dusty rosa, fuzzy and just a bit too long in the sleeves, the neck of it slipping down to expose moles dotting one shoulder. Skinny jeans in a light denim hug his legs like they were sewn for him specifically, it's a wonder to behold.

Steve is warm and cozy inside, lying down on a daybed, surrounded by pillows, posing in front of large windows peering out onto the frozen forest, barren and covered in snow. Hawkins is brutally cold during the winters; so unforgiving that the photo shoots they do outside are thankfully scarce, even though Steve would work himself sick with a cold.

If it wasn't for Billy and his stern insistence, Steve would have gotten frostbite seven times already this winter daring to wear just too little for the sake of fashion and aesthetic. Anything for his 800k followers.

But all his adoring boyfriend can really do most of the time is stand behind the camera and appreciate all of Steve's gorgeous self with an all too satisfied sigh, as Steve glances over his shoulder at the camera, lashes done up with just a gentle hint of mascara, hearts scattered like freckles across his nose and cheeks.

Valentines is two weeks away by now, and Steve wants to show off and inspire some date looks, soft and delicate and beautiful. He never

does anything with his hair, really, everyone already so jealous of the phenomenal *floof* of it that he wouldn't ever dream of changing it now - the pastel aesthetic and his hair is practically his entire brand!

He poses on his stomach with his legs bent, feet kicking in the air, sleeves pulled over his hands as he smiles coyly.

Then he's on his side, chest turned towards the camera, one leg bent with an arm draped over it, face turned away to give the perfect profile.

And then he's on his back, head hanging over the foot end of the daybed, hair just grazing the floor as he looks directly into the camera, eyes big and brown.

Just like Bambi, is the oft used comparison by Billy, and even if this is *slightly boring*, he can't help but smile at how utterly beautiful his boyfriend is.

He stays kneeling there, even as he lowers the phone to meet with Steve's gaze directly, and all the same, Steve stays hanging there, smiling at the way Billy stares with *adoration*.

"What?" he huffs incredulously.

Billy doesn't find words to respond right away, he's always more adept with action instead, and moves in to kiss those perfect lips, so soft and pink, both of them smiling into the embrace, Billy's hands smoothing across Steve's cheeks, careful as to not ruin the makeup.

"I just... love you," Billy hums with closed eyes, not giving Steve time to miss him.

And Steve laughs again - a sound so blithe and full of joy it's invigorating and humbling. He reaches up to run his fingers down Billy's golden curls, raking painted nails across his scalp and tugs there gently till he receives a *delighted* groan.

At the parting of lips, Steve dives in with his tongue, meeting Billy's in a lackadaisical sense that urges forth affable moans from both, heat surging up and down Steve's splayed out shape with every salacious little noise.

"*Mmmh, ah... are you- are you done?*" Billy whispers, travels away from lips to kiss along Steve's freshly shaved jawline.

There's no immediate response as Steve stays still, enjoying the praising kisses like gentle butterflies. He eventually grabs Billy by the sides of his face to guide him away, letting their eyes meet, staying there for seconds too long, admiring the ocean view; crystal clear waters brimming with love.

"Just getting started," he chuckles once more, but the intent of it this time far more *salacious*, and Billy's quick to catch on to that.

Steve rolls around in a rush and gets up on all fours, back arched beautifully, the large sweater hanging loose off of him. He bats his lashes at Billy, who can't help the insanely cheesy grin spreading from ear to ear, before reaching down to yank at the belt loops of Billy's jeans, beckoning him to stand up.

And Billy would never *dream* of not giving his princess what he wants, getting up on his feet only to bring his half hard cock straight into Steve's eyesight.

A pleased hum roams around Steve's chest as he *slowly* undoes Billy's belt, gazing up with a sly little smirk as he pops free the button and lets the zipper run loose. When fingers curl around the denim to pull down his pants, Billy himself grabs the hem of his shirt and throws it over his head and away, never-minding where it might land since literally nothing else matters right now other than the way Steve's licking his lips.

"Look so good for me, sweetheart," Billy coos and gently pushes away the few locks that obscures Steve's pretty face. "*Gorgeous.*"

He knows that that's all Steve wants to hear - that he's pretty and beautiful and gorgeous and attractive and desired, and Billy knows that flattery will get him *everywhere*, but even if he sought no boon, he'd still spend every single day of his life praising his boyfriend endlessly, and he plans on doing just that till there's no more breath in his lungs.

But right now it proves most helpful in urging Steve on, leading him

to run his open mouth along the *thick* outline of Billy's trapped cock, tongue out to wet the fabric of his black trunks, up to the tip where he nibbles with lips around the head, lapping at where pre cum stains.

The euphoric sensation can be heard in Billy's stuttering breath, seen in the manner his abs twitch with restraint, felt by the hand tugging in dark locks of hair.

Steve teases the elastic band of Billy's underwear as he moves further up, dipping his fingers in and running them around the waist, lips just inches above to kiss the warm and taut skin. At an all too torturous pace he pulls down the fabric just enough to expose Billy's *flushed* and *steely cock*, Steve's lustful gaze following a throbbing vein from the shiny head to the waxed base.

He leans in to press his nose against the fresh skin, inhaling the musky scent deeply, planting wet kisses on every inch within reach, and *finally* wraps his fingers around Billy's all too eager erection, the blushing bride nail-polish pairing well with the red of his *hard cock*.

"*Stevie...*" Billy breathes his name reverently, filled with lust and devotion, hands petting soft hair.

And Steve gazes up through his lashes at the amorous whisper of his name, taking in how intently Billy watches his every movement. Eyes locked together like this, Steve slips out his tongue to wet his lips till they're shiny and slick with spit, then presses it flat against the side of Billy's girthy cock, licking the entire length of it, all the while admiring how his boyfriend gasps and moans at the sight of a most salacious display.

"*Fuck, baby,*" his voice airy with anticipation.

The hand around him squeezes gently and he can't help the inevitable *thrust* as his body seeks more friction. Just so, Steve can't help the self-satisfied and amused little hum either, mouth vibrating against the veiny shaft, which only worsens the situation for Billy even more as he practically *whines*,

"*Shit, pretty boy, please.*"

“Well...” Steve muses and runs the tip of his tongue over Billy’s leaking slit, slow and agonizing, treasuring the salty taste of him. “You did say *please*.”

He slathers up his lips with spit before closing them around the blunt head, pressing it up against his palate as he sinks all the way down to the base, sloppy in the way he massages every inch of hard flesh with his tongue, eyes fluttering closed as Billy reaches the back of his throat.

Steve *revels* in every single sound Billy let’s out, the drawn out notes of *pleasure*.

“God, *ahh...*”

With hollow cheeks he moves back to the head, tongue swirling around like he’s enjoying a lollipop, fingers back around the now shiny shaft to stroke all of his length that isn’t inside Steve’s mouth. Fast then slow, the pressure perfected in a way that proves just how often he’s done this. He drinks up every spurt of pre, twisting and turning his head in tact with his hand, allowing the occasional thrusts Billy can’t hold back.

Until fingers pull at his hair; hard and earnest enough to make Steve stop and move off, looking up at Billy with red and shiny lips, well used and oh so pretty, oh so *enticing*. He lets himself be guided up on his knees, meeting Billy where he bends over to kiss him, *hungrily* tasting how *exquisite* his own pre and Steve’s spit mixes sweetly together, thumb smoothing over his cheeks and down to drag at Steve’s chin, opening up his mouth to let Billy *lick* into his heat, *suck* on his tongue and lightly *nibble* at his swollen lip.

“*Fuck*, sweetcheeks,” Billy breathes out and presses their foreheads together, “I wanna cum in you *so bad*.”

A delighted hum bubbles forth from Steve’s chest and out through the warmest smile any one human can manage, and oh how pleasant it sounds when he says, “Go get the lube, then.”

Billy kisses his forehead once, twice, thrice before awkwardly waddling towards the doorway, struggling to step out of his jeans,

then whipping around so fast his mullet snaps in the air.

“Don’t... get undressed without me...” he says most ardently with a raised finger for emphasis.

And before Steve even gets to answer, Billy’s pantsless; hurrying through the hallway, heading for the stairs and leaving behind a trail of his boxers and socks. It’s nice to know how *comfortable* he is here in Steve’s house, no parents around, no siblings or kids. Just the two of them in solitude together.

He can be heard upstairs, running with heavy feet from the stairs and into Steve’s bedroom, to the bedside table where he finds the bottle immediately, then runs back the same way he came from, till he’s standing once more in the doorway to the conservatory, in such record time he should maybe consider joining the track team come summer.

Slightly affected by running, he breathes out heavily, “Now... do continue...”

Steve’s smile goes wide, feels it burn in his cheeks as he leans down to yank off his socks, balls them up together and throws them at where Billy stands and receives a laugh in return of that.

“You’re *impossible*,” he says lowly and with a slight roll of the eyes, but Steve’s quick to bring a finger up to his lips and make a shushing sound.

Next the zipper runs free and Steve sits back down on the daybed to pull the skinny jeans off in a rather awkward manner, almost as if he’s *vaguely* refusing to give Billy exactly what he wants, but it seems inevitable when Steve then gathers his legs closed, the oversized knit sweater pooling slightly around where he’s seated, giving the illusion that he’s wearing nothing else, a shoulder still peeking out.

Billy’s gaze travels up Steve’s bare legs to where moles vanish beneath the rosa fabric, and when their eyes meet, heat clashes together between them with unspoken intentions.

Steve only breaks eye contact to look down at where Billy now starts

slowly stroking himself, and he bites his lip at the sight of it, *veiny* and *wet*, electric lust coursing through him and *down*. Down to where he's been oh so *needy* and *hard* for far too long now. And as he leans back, supporting himself with one hand on the daybed, he reaches for the hemline of his sweater, keeps his lip caught between teeth, eyes *heavy* and *sensual* as he watches Billy licking his lips in anticipation.

So simple in truth, when Steve lifts up his shirt just enough to give Billy a clear view of his *lengthy dick*, the outline of it perfect in white briefs, a wet spot forming at the head. Even from here Steve can *hear* the way Billy's breath shudders, can hear how he pants and exhales.

"God, Bambi, what'd I ever do to deserve you?"

That gentle praise is all Steve needs, to be told he's something to be *deserved*, something holy maybe, cherished and desired to a point where people can't function. It's like magic, and it works all those wonders, too, as proven by how Steve spreads his legs and lifts the shirt even higher, up and up till he pulls it over his head, ruffling his hair, but that doesn't matter right now.

All that matters is Steve giving Billy what he *wants*, and Billy giving Steve what he *needs*.

Billy approaches him slowly, suddenly not finding urgency of importance, to then kneel before Steve like one would at a shrine. Kissing firmly with devotion he travels up the inside of pale thighs, giving attention to every mole in his path till he's met with the leg of white trunks.

Much to Steve's irritation, Billy skips right past the entire area covered still in cloth, and continues from where the elastic waistband hugs tightly, kissing his way across Steve's abs, his pecs, collarbone, neck, chin, and instinctively Steve lets his mouth slip open as Billy's tongue glides across his lower lip before dipping into a sweet and *ardent* kiss.

In the same moment of such pure infatuation as is found in between their lips, Billy's fingers hook themselves on the border of Steve's trunks, whom in turn lifts up his ass to allow for the elastic band to smoothly slip past and down his thighs, his wettened dick hitting his

stomach with a lucid *slap*.

Billy breaks away for them both to gasp for air, to look down at where Steve is *drenched* in pre.

“So *wet* for me, *princess*,” he drawls alluringly, bringing one hand to wrap his fingers gently around Steve’s hardened flesh.

“*Mmhm, fuck, Billy...*” Steve coos in tact with the slow stroking of his cock, fighting the urge to *thrust* into the temperate fist, each jerk sending sparks up his spine, causing his thighs to shake.

And Billy kisses the euphoric furrow between Steve’s brows, his flushed cheeks, the moles there, his jaw, down the slope of his neck to bury his nose in the crook and inhales the lingering scent from his honey body wash.

Steve’s head falls back with whines and whimpers at the near *lackadaisical* stroking, far too little friction, *agonizing, lovely*. He tilts his head aside and brings a hand up to guide Billy till their lips meet, sloppy and loose kisses as Steve whispers most pathetically,

“*Please*, don’t tease me like this, *Billy*, I *need* you...”

“Then let me take care of you,” says Billy as he leans away to meet with Steve’s gaze, who nods with a sigh.

It’s a bit of a mess really, getting comfortable on the daybed that’s *barely* long enough for one adult to lay there, then with a billion pillows as well that spill onto the floor as Steve shoves them away to lay down flat against the cushioned seating. There’s limbs everywhere and a near kick to Billy’s face as they settle with him kneeling between Steve’s legs, but it’s all with a good laugh and wide smiles as nothing can truly deter their drive to be brought together like this.

“So *gorgeous* like this, sweet stuff, *all for me*,” Billy *drawls*, voice *thick* with how *possessive* he truly is.

Steve’s thighs fall further apart at that; how *easy* he is when subjected to Billy’s *heated* gaze that promises him *everything*, that *lustful tongue* that swipes across his lips, the hand smoothly slipping down the

inside of his thigh, palm heavy and *burning*, inching closer and *closer* to where Steve is suddenly so *starved*.

The lube that gets drizzled onto Billy's fingers is cold when pressed against Steve's entrance, sending a wave of goosebumps up his thighs, eliciting a little shocked *inhale* from above.

"Cold?" Billy asks with a well humoured huff as he looks up.

"Cold," Steve says like it's an important statement, yet he can't help but to smile at the way Billy chuckles lightly.

And when Billy kisses Steve's inner thigh all apologetic, he can only hum pleasantly, and when the tip of a digit goes in, *moan*. He drops his head back and onto a pillow as Billy continues to move his finger deeper and *deeper*, down to the knuckle just to pull out again without pause, setting a gentle and slow pace of thrusting his middle finger in and out of Steve's lubed up, clenching hole.

"*Mmh, ahh*," Steve breathes out loud as he melts like butter, mixing with the way Billy kisses soothingly up and down his thigh.

It doesn't take long before Billy's confident that Steve can take another digit, and is proven right with the, "*Yes, God*," that spills from parted lips with a satisfied sigh. Billy *loves* watching how easily his fingers slide in and out, *loves* listening to the moans that grow louder when he *curls* the two fingers inside, *loves* feeling how Steve's body tightens around him whenever he finds that bundle of nerves and presses against it. How Steve's entire body writhes in the pleasure of it, moving to seek *more*, as if he's in charge here.

"*Please*," he pleads.

"That feel good?" Billy asks with a smug grin pressed against soft skin, looking up in hopes of catching how Steve's face crumbles as he begs.

The answer is a short, airy, "*Yes*," as if longer words would steal from his moaning and keening.

He doesn't get a third finger before Billy's already lubing his girthy cock up, because he *knows* how Steve wants it; how he loves the

slight burn as his body stretches around his boyfriend's width. And in true fashion of that, Steve gasps almost *ecstatically* as Billy lines up the tip of his fat prick with Steve's clenching, *tight* hole.

"God, please, yes Billy-" he rambles out until Billy starts pushing in and his words are abruptly discontinued to instead allow a loud and *euphoric moan* freedom.

Billy inches closer and closer as he stays on his knees, the daybed just the perfect height for such a salacious affair, like it was bought subconsciously for a good and thorough *fucking*. And lucky for them how alone and quiet it is out here, for surely everyone in Hawkins would hear how *vocal* Steve is when he gets *pounded* in bed, how he can't shut up even now as Billy's just about bottoming out, *groaning* at how Steve *clenches hungrily* around the base of his cock.

How beautifully Steve's back arches as his body trembles, a hand up to grasp at Billy's shoulder, his face buried in brown hair and soft pillows, from where he pants breathlessly as he adjusts to the welcome intrusion.

It's all too tempting to just bend down and kiss up along Steve's pale stomach, lick a heavy tongue across perky nipples that can be felt in the way his body twitches and his breath stutters, nibble gently at his jaw once more, before whispering out,

"You fit me so well, *Bambi*, like your body was made for me to love."

At that, Steve turns his head to catch the awe and adoration in those crystal clear eyes, but as Billy pulls out just to *thrust* back in, his eyes screw shut with exhilaration once more, a loud, "*Fuck*," escaping.

Billy grunts as he speeds up to feed the urgent need they both give voice to. But it's not enough. Not enough until Billy climbs onto the plushy bench, pushing Steve up higher till they're both fully up on the daybed with those long legs tied around tan hips.

With an iron grip on the frame above Steve's head, Billy uses the leverage to *slam* into his boyfriend's craving hole, skin growing sweaty as it slaps together between them, his other hand down by a hip to guide their bodies together.

Between curses Billy can't help to let out sweet honey, too, "God you're so good to me, baby, sounding like an angel choir when I fuck you like this."

Steve's hands both immediately land on either side of Billy's head and pull him into a kiss *brimming* with love and desire. "I love you," he speaks softly, like it's his most cherished truth, "I love you Billy."

And Billy can't help the chuckle that brushes against Steve's lips between kisses, as hearing this still shocks him, even after years of dating and having sex. It's astonishing that someone this beautiful and magnificent can't love a beast like himself.

He curls around Steve; wrapping both his arms around his back as he draws them both nearer, balanced together on the far too small daybed that creaks beneath their shared weight.

"Love how strong you are," Steve whispers as he kisses Billy's temple, his hand brushing through golden locks. It's almost impressive how sturdy his words seem when he's an otherwise whining mess of ecstasy and blithe curses. "Love how good you feel inside of me, *ah-*"

Billy keeps his nose pressed against Steve's neck, breathing in how appetising sweat and body-wash mixes. Every single word pushes him closer to the edge, makes his hips buck and dick pulsate.

"I'm close," he murmurs between kisses.

"M-me too, *oh fuck, please, harder,*" it spills from delicious lips and into Billy's ear.

And who is he not to oblige such *obscene pleas*. With his knees firmly planted on the cushions, and at a pace that will leave him sore tomorrow, Billy gives his most beloved all that he can, the blunt head of his cock near bullying that golden bundle of nerves buried deep inside of Steve, who in turn can only cry blissfully.

It doesn't take long before he's cumming loud and ruthlessly, covering them both in hot white, his entire body tensing up to a point where he's ardently milking Billy's cock for all it's worth, as he cums shortly after with groans and *thrusts* that slaps so hard it leaves

Steve's cheeks red with abuse.

It's a short moment filled with warm explosions like fireworks as he pumps his remaining energy deep inside of his boyfriend's ass, hugging him dearly till there's no other sound than their laboured breaths.

Moments pass before Steve's the first one to speak,

"I'm gonna be so sore in an hour after this."

"Promise I'll kiss it better," Billy chuckles out and kisses Steve's shoulder.

"You better," comes the response and they both laugh joyfully at that, because yes, Billy is absolutely going to make Steve feel all better again soon.